

# The lamentatio of the

# comounis of Scotland

**Q**What thift, quhat reif, quhat murther, & oppression?  
Quhat saibles flauchter, quhat mortall meserie?  
Quhat pouertie, quhat derth and Tribulacion?  
Dois King be Grange all leidis on lyfe may se  
The schame is rhyne, thocht we the sozow dzis  
Curst Heimrod richt of Babilone the cheif,  
We Comounis all lowd vengeance cryis on the  
Blaming thy tressoun the caus of all our greis.

**C**we sillie pure anis quhair we wer wont to gang  
With Coillis and Cobillis, with Fische & sicklyke wair,  
Upon our bakis als mekill as we micht fang  
With mirtie sang all tripping into pairis.  
To wyn our leving in mercat at sic fairis  
Now we allace but reuth ar rest with their,  
Naue we ane lyart na baird bot all is thairis  
Blaming thy tressoun the caus of all our reis.

**C**ha beher lyfe we pure men bade of better  
Noz with our Haigges to gane to Ediburgh sone,  
With Peitris, with Turris, and mony curse of Heddes,  
By gat gude saill syne lap quhen we had done.  
For mirtynes, and with the licht of Mone  
We wald ga hame but uther tray or chace,  
Quhair now in sozow fra dure to dure we clunes,  
Blaming thy tressoun of all our cair allace.

**W**e Collearis, Cadgearis, and Carteris in ane row  
We bludie Wolfis that Grange hes maid to reis,  
Our hozis is rest, our selfis ar doung but dour  
Quhair we did trauell we dar not now appeir.  
Out of our Ludge we tak of thame sic leis  
Thocht it wald vs ten thousand Crownis auance  
With morning Prayer we curse thame maid this web  
Blaming thy tressoun the caus of our mischance.

**A**llace we Chapmen may with Creilmen mureis  
Thay sillie men that brocht thair butter and egges  
To Edinburg Croce and did na uther turne,  
And we agane wald by ane Fraer of Fegges  
Baith prenis and nedillis and sell to landwart Fegges  
Than micht we trauell quhair we dar not this day  
Bot lyis at hame, but meit, na drinx bot dregges  
Blaming thy tressoun the caus of all our scay.

**Q**uhat wicht on lyfe will not be pure pictie?  
That went to bring the woi, the skin, and hyde  
To Edinburg Towne in peice and Cherris,  
Fra Selkirk, Hawik, and the partis of Cyde.  
Quhair now allace in hoill and boir we byde  
As watches wertie the Coxenoche we carpe  
Dar not keik out for Rebells that dois ryde  
Blaming thy tressoun of this our sozow scharpe.

**W**e Tinklaris, Tailzeouris, we craftsmen out of nis,  
That be our craft had ay ane boneit lyfe,  
We wait of nocht bot mekill cair and cummer  
Our Joy is turnit in wo and mortall stryfe.  
All our gay garmentis of lindie fassounis tyse  
We thame wedset our bodyis to sustene  
Na work ado bot beg baity barne and wyse  
Blaming thy tressoun that causis vs compleene.

**W**e Merchandis all that with our Merchant pakkis  
Did trauell ay, fra Towne to Towne, to fairis  
Thow hes vs baneis, thow hes vs leit fra crabbis,  
We sit at hame na saill is to our wairis.  
Thocht we wald trauell thy reissaris sa vs elairis  
With reif but reuth, but pierie with extortioun  
Bot micht in meserie thay horribill houndis vs fairis  
Blaming thy tressoun the caus of our oppresioun.

**W**e comounis all with cair we may lamens  
That had sic peice, sic rest and vnitie  
And now allace ar rugit, reuin and rent  
Our steidis ar stowne, our cairell rest trewlie  
With weiping wallaway nane may we v pte bot the  
Thow feind Infernall thow gat is vs walk out so  
Quhair we asour did sleep richt quiche  
Blaming thy tressoun the caus of all our wo.

**B**ot sen with sich ze Camounis do compleene  
With sobfull lait richt trewlye fall I tell  
I James Dalzell Indwellar in the Dene,  
Be Grange smaibis I wair send be hum sell  
Hes schot my wyse thowz bisket lyze and sell  
Scho grait with barne syue gait the gaist with plante  
Than cryit my bairnis with mony zout and zell  
Blaming thy tressoun that had thair Mother glans

**C**hay reubles Russis but reuth with crueltie  
Did slay my husband but caus into my licht,  
Dowrie Ros be Name ane Cuirclar of crast trewlio  
With Sunis him gozd but mercy on the nicht  
I and my bairnis iall crasf Goddis plagues ful richie  
To fall the Grange thow cruel Cokadhaill  
With fourtie ma noz did on Phato licht  
Blaming thy tressoun that causis vs bewail

**H**en not but caus we wyte the of this wa  
With painfull pech, with mony grank and grane,  
The curse, the warcis, but diys fra top to ta  
Lat never thy freind se oucht of the bot schame.  
With curst deich that mony man the blame  
Lucifer was heich, bot Lord thow thraw him dofone  
Ha will he the, thow graces Grange be Name  
Blaming thy tressoun with sozow but Renowne.

**O**tenefull Crpane, O Gyant mekill but micht,  
Of vitious deidis thow art the only Fontane  
Quhairfra all vice but vertew springis full richie  
As dois the watter out of the Rok of Montane  
We pure fall cry with erie harris fast dontane  
To the O God, to scourge this wickit wicht,  
In Just exemplil to all the waird maill certane  
Blaming thy tressoun the caus of all our plicht.

**I**had thow bene trew but tressoun to our Roy  
And to his Regent, gait the that hauld to keip,  
As thow did swer, we had not had this noy  
We micht had peice, quhair now in weir we wchis.  
In wo, but weill, but plesure in pane sa deip  
Be the O Tratour, that Retellis did rissaf  
Ino that hauld with the thairin to creip  
Ha tressoun bntrew will get ane widdie wais.

**N**ow lat vs all with hart and myude vs dres  
Baith euin and morne, richt law downe on our kne,  
With hyddeous schout all we baith mair and les  
For vengeance Just, with tene to fall on the.  
O thow O Lord, and God in person thre  
Consume this wachte with Buntstane fyre and thunders  
That persecutis thy Sanctis with crueltie  
Ha tressoun bntrew ane tow will schaik in schunder.

**P**refeserne with micht fra nicht of lais defend  
Our King gude Lord, and als his Regent erk:  
Lat never thair micht, but richt, with hand ay bend  
Haue stench or power thame soz to hurt or weik.  
We thy pure liegis fall pray and als besetis  
To send the grace, lang space in weisfair wend  
That we may se the punis vice but meik  
And tressoun all sessoun, with this we mak ane end  
I N D S.

**C**impentie at Sanctandris be Robert Lekpneus.  
I N D S. D O. M. D. L E X I I I.